Reflections of a Rat-Man

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Summary: Ok, the 2nd in my Reflections series, the wierdest one of all, yadda, yadda, yadda...

Reflections of a Rat-Man

Reflections of a Rat-Man by Elaina A/N: This is the second in my reflections series, it's actually the first one I wrote. This is probably the wierdest one of all, but my friends gave it good reviews, so I publised it, anyway. You can probably guess just from the title who's POV it's from... I personally haven't heard of many other Rat-Men ~:-). Well, it's Ash Wendsday and I haven't had much sugar, so I can't think of anthing else much to say...Enjoy.(yes, I know the fonts are jacked up and don't match, I liked the one I used for the body and couldn't find one that looked pretty close to it.

My body is twisted, contorted, not as it should be. Though I am safe, my mind is a prison. I am trapped in my own thoughts. The screaming, the tortured cries of my victms, my friends. They are the shackles. My consience is the bars. "What would you do?" I ask myself "What would you do to save your sorry soul?" Yes, the Rat-Man has feelings. I am scared of myself, sometimes. "You would sell your friends, would you sell yourself?" I am slowly going insane, I know I am. It's all a question of time. Will He come to get me? Will they? I'm trapped, dead either way I turn. Maybe death would be better. Maybe I should have stayed with Potter, been loyal to the end, just like Moony and Padfoot. Maybe, Maybe... But Potter was a dead man, he couldn't protect me anymore, so I just moved on, like I always have and always will. Yes, it was better this way. Friends are true 'till the end. Friends do not betray one another. Friends will protect one another. Friends love one another. Friends laugh, and joke, and talk. Friends are there for each other. Friends are people you can trust. Friends belive you're innocent when everyone else thinks you're guilty. Friends help friends. But I'm not a friend, just a rat.

End

file.